



## "OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has a Gripping Tale That Every American Will Read. For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches in France.

### No. 6. Decorated For Bravery; Home and Uncle Sam.

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock, D. C. M., 57th Overseas Bn., Canadian Gren. Guards.

This is the concluding article of the series of six by Sergeant McClintock, an American boy of Lexington, Ky., who has seen service in France, was decorated for bravery and invalided home. He has been promised a commission in our army. The first five installments told of the fighting in Belgium and on the Somme, where he was desperately wounded. This final installment describes his journey to the rear with twenty-two pieces of shrapnel in one leg and his meeting with the king in a London hospital.

I WAS taken from Pozieres to Albert in a Ford ambulance or, as the Tommies would say, a "tin Lizzie." The man who drove this vehicle would make a good chauffeur for an adding machine. Apparently he was counting the bumps in the road, for he didn't miss one of them. However, the trip was only a matter of seven miles, and I was in fair condition when they lifted me out and carried me to an operating table in the field dressing station.

A chaplain came along and murmured a little prayer in my ear. I imagine that would have made a man feel very solemn if he had thought there was a chance he was about to pass out, but I knew I merely had a leg pretty badly smashed up, and while the chaplain was praying I was wondering if they would have to cut it off. I figured, if so, this would handicap my dancing.

The first formality in a shrapnel case is the administration of an anti-tetanus inoculation, and when it is done you realize that they are sure trying to save your life. The doctor uses a horse syringe, and the injection leaves a lump on your chest as big as a baseball, which stays with you for forty-eight hours. After the injection a nurse fills out a diagnosis blank with a description of your wounds and a record of your name, age, regiment, regimental number, religion, parentage and previous history as far as the car discover it without asking questions which would be positively indecent. After all of that my wounds were given their first real dressing.

Immediately after this was done I was bundled into another ambulance and driven to Contay, where the C. C. S. (casualty clearing station) and rail head were located. In the ambulance with me were three other soldiers, an artillery officer and two privates of infantry. We were all ticketed off as shrapnel-cases and probable recoveries, which latter detail is remarkable, since the most slightly injured of the four had twelve wounds, and there were sixty odd shell fragments or shrapnel balls collectively imbedded in us. The nurse had told me that I had about twenty wounds. Afterward her count proved conservative. More accurate and later returns showed twenty-two bullets and shell fragments were in my leg. They took these out and presented them to me. I have been giving them away for souvenirs.

We were fairly comfortable in the ambulance, and I especially had great relief from the fact that the nurse had strapped my leg in a sling attached to the top of the vehicle. We smoked cigarettes and chatted cheerfully, exchanging congratulations, on having got "clean ones"—that is, wounds not probably fatal. The artillery officer told me he had been supporting our battalion that morning with one of the "sacrifice batteries."

A sacrifice battery, I might explain, is one composed of field pieces which are emplaced between the front and support lines and which in case of an attack or counterattack are fired at point blank range. They call them sacrifice batteries because some of them are ripped out every day. This officer said our battalion that morning had been supported by an entire division of artillery and that on our front of 400 yards the eighteen pounders alone, in a certain fire which lasted thirty-two minutes, had discharged 15,000 rounds of high explosive shells.

I was impressed by his statement, of course, but I told him that, while this was an astonishing lot of ammunition, it was even more surprising to have noticed at close range, as I did, the number of Germans they missed. Toward the end of our trip to Contay we were much exhausted and pretty badly

shaken up. We were beginning also to realize we were by no means out of the woods surgically. Our wounds had merely been dressed. Each of us faced an extensive and serious operation. We arrived at Contay silent and pretty badly depressed. For twenty-four hours in the Contay casualty clearing station they did little except feed us and take our temperatures hourly. Then we were put into a hospital train for Rouen.

#### German Bomb Hospital Train.

Right here I would like to tell a little story about a hospital train leaving Contay for Rouen—not the one we were on, but one which had left a few days before. The train, when it was just ready to depart with a full quota of wounded men, was attacked by German aeroplanes from which bombs were dropped upon it. There is nothing apparently that makes the Ger-



Two of the Nursing Sisters Were the Coolest Individuals Present.

mans so fearless and ferocious as the Red Cross emblem. On the top of each of the cars in this train there was a Red Cross big enough to be seen from miles in the air. The German airmen accepted them merely as excellent targets. Their bombs quickly knocked three or four cars from the rails and killed several of the helplessly wounded men. The rest of the patients, weak and nervous from recent shock and injury, some of them half delirious and nearly all of them absolutely helpless and in pain, were thrown into near panic.

Two of the nursing sisters in charge of the train were the coolest individuals present. They walked calmly up and down its length, urging the patients to remain quiet, directing the male attendants how to remove the wounded men safely from the wrecked cars and paying no attention whatever to the bombs which were still exploding near the train. I did not have the privilege of witnessing this scene myself, but I know that I have accurately described it, for the details were told in an official report when the king decorated the two sisters with the Royal Red Cross for valor in the face of the enemy.

The trip from Contay to Rouen was a nightmare—twenty-six hours traveling 150 miles on a train which was forever stopping and starting, its jerky and uncertain progress meaning to us just hours and hours of suffering. I do not know whether this part of the system for the removal of wounded has been improved now. Then, its inconveniences and imperfections must have been inevitable, for in every way afterward the most thoughtful and tender care was shown us. In the long rows of huts which compose the British general hospital at Rouen we found ourselves in what seemed like paradise.

In the hut which constituted the special ward for leg wounds I was lifted from the stretcher on which I had traveled all the way from Pozieres to a comfortable bed with fresh, clean sheets, and instantly I found myself surrounded with quiet, trained, efficient care. I forgot the pain of my wounds and the dread of the coming operation when a tray of delicious food was placed beside my bed and a nurse prepared me for the enjoyment of it by bathing my face and hands with scented water.

On the following morning my leg was X-rayed and photographed. I told the surgeon I thought the business of operating could very well be put off until I had had about three more square meals, but he couldn't see it that way. In the afternoon I got my first sickening dose of ether, and they took the first lot of iron out of me. I suppose these were just the surface deposits, for they only got five or six pieces. However, they continued systematically. I had five more operations, and every time I came out of the ether the row of bullets and shell straps at the foot of my bed was a little longer. After the number had

reached twenty-two, they told me that perhaps there were a few more in there, but they thought they'd better let them stay.

My wounds had become septic, and it was necessary to give all attention to drainage and cure. It was about this time that everything for awhile seemed to become busy and my memories got all queerly mixed up and confused. I recollect I conceived a violent dislike for a black dog that appeared from nowhere now and then and began chewing at my leg, and I believe I gave the nurse a severe talking to because she insisted on going to look at the ball game when she ought to be sitting by to chase that dog away. And I was perfectly certain about her being at the ball game, because I saw her there when I was playing third base.

#### The Alarming Cablegram.

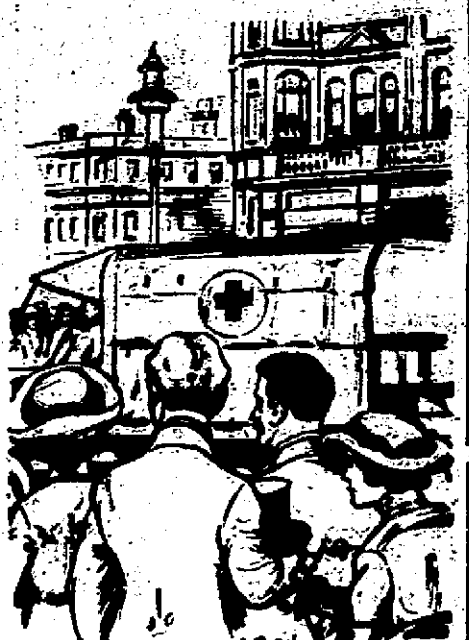
It was at this time on Nov. 28, 1916, ten days after I had been wounded, that my father in Lexington received the following cablegram from the officer in charge of the Canadian records in England:

Sincerely regret to inform you that Sergeant Alexander McClintock is officially reported dangerous in No. 5 general hospital from gunshot wound in left thigh. Further particulars supplied when received.

It appears that during the time of my adventures with the black dog and the inattentive nurse my temperature had ascended to the stage when the doctors began to admit another method of treatment might have been successful. But I didn't pass out. The one thing I most regret about my close call is that my parents in Lexington were in unrelieved suspense about my condition until I myself sent them a cable from London on Dec. 15. After the first official message, seemingly prepared almost as a preface to the announcement of my demise, my father received no news of me whatever. And, as I didn't know that the official message had gone, I cabled nothing to him until I was feeling fairly chipper again. You can't have wars, though, without these little misunderstandings.

If it were possible I should say something here which would be fitting and adequate about the Englishwomen who nursed the 2,500 wounded men in general hospital No. 5 at Rouen, but that power isn't given me. All I can do is to fall back upon our most profound American expression of respect and say that my hat is off to them. One nurse in the ward in which I lay had been on her feet for fifty-six hours, with hardly time even to eat. She finally fainted from exhaustion, was carried out of the ward and was back again in four hours, assisting at an operation. And the doctors were doing their bit, too, in living up to the obligations which they considered to be theirs. An operating room was in every ward, with five tables in each. After the fight on the Somme, in which I was wounded, not a table was vacant any hour in the twenty-four for days at a time. Outside of each room was a long line of stretchers containing patients next awaiting surgical attention. And in all that stress I did not hear one word of complaint from the surgeons who stood hour after hour, using their skill and training for the petty pay of English army medical officers.

On Dec. 5 I was told I was well enough to be sent to England, and on the next day I went on a hospital train from Rouen to Harre. Here I was placed on a hospital ship which every medical officer in our army ought to have a chance to inspect. Nothing ingenuitously could contrive for convenience and comfort was missing. Patients were sent below decks in elevators and then placed in swinging cradles which hung level no matter what the ship's motion might be. As soon as I had been made comfortable in my particular cradle I was given a box



People Stand in Crowds, the Men With Hats Off, While Ambulance Pass.

which had engraved upon it: "Presented with the compliments of the Union Castle Line. May you have a speedy and good recovery." The box contained cigarettes, tobacco and a pipe.

When the ship docked at Southampton, after a run of eight hours across channel, each patient was asked what part of the British isles he would like to be taken to for the period of his convalescence. I requested to be taken to London, where, I thought, there was the best chance of my seeing Americans who might know me. Say, I sure made a good guess! I didn't know many Americans, but I didn't need to know them. They found me and made themselves acquainted. They brought things, and then they went out to get more they had forgotten to bring the first trip. The second day, after I had been installed on a cot in the King George hospital, in London, sent 1,500 cigarettes back to the boys in our battalion in France out of my

surplus stock. If I had undertaken to eat and drink and smoke all the things that were brought to me by Americans just because I was an American I'd be back in that hospital now only getting fairly started on the job. It's some country when you need it.

#### Wounded Get Great Welcome.

The wounded soldier getting back to England doesn't have a chance to imagine that his services are not appreciated. The welcome he receives begins at the railroad station. All traffic is stopped by the hobbles to give the ambulances a clear way leaving the station. The people stand in crowds, the men with their hats off, while the ambulances pass. Women rush out and throw flowers to the wounded men. Sometimes there is a cheer, but usually only silence and words of sympathy.

The King George hospital was built to be a government printing office and was nearing completion when the war broke out. It has been made a paradise for convalescent men. The bareness and the sick suggestion and characteristic smell, so to speak, of the



"I thank you," he said, "for myself and my people for your services."

average hospital are unknown here. There are soft lights and comfortable beds and pretty women going about as visitors. The stage beauties and comedians come to entertain us. The food is delicious, and the chief thought of every one seems to be to show the inmates what a comfortable and cheery thing it is to be ill among a lot of real friends. I was there from December until February, and my recollections of the stay are so pleasant that sometimes I wish I was back.

On the Friday before Christmas there was a concert in our ward. Among the artists who entertained us were Fay Compton, Gertrude Elliott (sister of Maxine Elliott), George Robie and other stars of the London stage. After our protracted stay in the trenches and our long absence from all the civilized forms of amusement the affair seemed to us the most wonderful show ever given. And in some ways it was. For instance, in the most entertaining of dramatic exhibitions did you ever see the lady artists go around and reward enthusiastic applause with kisses? Well, that's what we got. And I am proud to say that it was Miss Compton who conferred this honor upon me.

At about 3 o'clock on that afternoon, when we were all having a good time, one of the orderlies threw open the door of the ward and announced in a loud voice that his majesty the king was coming in. We could not have been more surprised if some one had thrown in a Mills bomb. Almost immediately the king walked in, accompanied by a number of aids. They were all in service uniforms, the king having little in the style of his uniform to distinguish him from the others. He walked around, presenting each patient with a copy of "Queen Mary's Gift Book," an artistic little volume, with pictures and short stories by the most famous of English artists and writers. When he reached my bed he turned to one of the nurses and inquired:

"Is this the one?" The nurse nodded. He came and sat at the side of the bed and shook hands with me. He asked as to what part of the United States I had come from, how I had got my wounds and what the nature of them were, how I was getting along and what I particularly wished done for me. I answered his questions and said that everything I could possibly wish for had already been done for me.

#### Thanked by King and Decorated For Bravery.

"I thank you," he said, "for myself and my people for your services. Our gratitude cannot be great enough toward men who have served as you have."

He spoke in a very low voice and with no assumption of royal dignity. There was nothing in the least thrilling about the incident, but there was much apparent sincerity in the few words.

After he had gone one of the nurses asked me what he had said. "Oh," I said, "George asked me what I thought about the way the war was being conducted, and I said I'd drop in and talk it over with him as soon as I was well enough to be up."

There happened one of the great disappointments of my life. She didn't see the joke. She was English. She rasped and glared at me, and I think she went out and reported that I was a tedious ass.

Really, I wasn't much impressed by the English king. He seemed a phar-

ant, tired little man with a great burden to bear and not much of an idea about how to bear it. He struck me as an individual who would conscientiously do his best in any situation, but would never do or say anything with the slightest suspicion of a punch to it. A few days after his visit to the hospital I saw in the Official London Gazette that I had been awarded the distinguished conduct medal. Official letters from the Canadian headquarters amplified this information, and a notice from the British war office informed me that the medal awaited me there. I was told the king knew that the medal had been awarded to me when he spoke to me in the hospital. Despite glowing reports in the Kentucky press he didn't put it on me. Probably he didn't have it with him, or perhaps he didn't consider it good form to hang a D. C. M. on a suit of striped pajamas with a prevailing tone of baby blue.

While I was in the King George hospital I witnessed one of the most wonderful examples of courage and pluck I have ever seen. A young Scot only nineteen years old, McAulley by name, had had the greater part of his face blown away. The surgeons had patched him up in some fashion, but he was horribly disfigured. He was the brightest, merriest man in the ward, always joking and never depressed. His own terrible misfortune was merely the topic for humorous comment with him. He seemed to get positive amusement out of the fact that the surgeons were always sending for him to do something more with his face. One day he was going into the operating room and a fellow patient asked him what the new operation was to be.

"Oh," he said, "I'm going to have a cabbage put on in place of a head. I'll grow better than the one I have now."

Once in a fortnight he would manage to get leave to absent himself from the hospital for an hour or two. He never came back alone. It took a couple of men to bring him in. On the next morning he would say:

"Well, it was my birthday. A man must have a few drinks on his birthday."

I was discharged from the hospital in the middle of February and sent to a comfortable place at Hastings, Sussex, where I lived until my furlough papers came through. I had a fine time in London at the theaters and clubs pending my departure for home. When my furlough had arrived I went to Buxton, Derbyshire, where the Canadian discharge depot was located, and was provided with transportation to Montreal. I came back to America on the Canadian Pacific Royal Mail steamer Metagama, and the trip was without incident of any sort. We lay for a time in the Mersey, awaiting word that our convoy was ready to see us out of the danger zone, and a destroyer escorted us 400 miles on our way.

I was informed before my departure that a commission as lieutenant in the Canadian forces awaited my return from furlough, and I had every intention of going back to accept it, but since I got to America things have happened. Now it's the army of Uncle Sam for me. I've written these stories to show what we are up against. It's going to be a rough game and a bloody one and a sorrowful one for many, but it's up to us to save the cause where it's most right on one side and all wrong on the other—and I'm glad we're in. I'm not willing to quit soldiering now, but I will be when we get through with this. Because when we finish up with all this there won't be any necessity for soldiering. The world will be free of war for a long, long time, and a God's mercy that.

THE END

The State of West Virginia. The "province and government of West Virginia" was a proposal made by the settlers in the southwest of Pennsylvania and the adjacent territory for the creation of a new state. It originated in connection with the troubles between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and the scheme was brought forward early in July, 1776. A description of the proposed government defines the bounds as "beginning at the eastern branch of the Ohio opposite the mouth of the Scioto and running thence in a direct line to the Owadoto pass, thence to the top of the Allegheny mountains, thence with the top of the said mountains to the northern limits of the purchase made from the Indians in 1763 at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, thence with the said limits to the Allegheny or Ohio river and then down the said river as purchased from the said Indians at the aforesaid treaty of Fort Stanwix at the beginning." A call for a convention to organize the government was issued, but a memorial of the Virginia committee of West Virginia county to the lower house of assembly led to the abandonment of the plan.—Philadelphia Press.

London's Crystal Palace. Crystal palace was originally built in Hyde park for the great exhibition of 1851, being afterward removed to its present site and re-erected. At the first state opening of the palace by Queen Victoria it was urged that the usual artillery salute should not be fired, the reason given being that the concussion would shiver the glass roof and the company assembled below, including her majesty, would be cut into mince-meat. Dire were the predictions of the scaremongers when the decision for the palace was made public. The first gale, they said, would inevitably wreck it, while the heat engendered by the sun pouring its rays upon the domed glass roof would be so terrific that no human being could withstand it. Consequently if they escaped an avalanche of glass they would be roasted to death inside the case.

## WOMAN WHO SPENT GREATER PART OF TWO YEARS IN BED FINDS NEW LEASE OF LIFE

Helpless and Tortured With Rheumatism of Joints, Now Healthy and Happy—Adds Crutches to Var-ne-sis' Boston Collection

"It means a new lease of life to me to go about as I do now," said Mrs. Alice V. Turenne of 193 South Street, Fitchburg, Mass. "The greater part of two years I spent in bed, not only was I helpless, but I suffered agony every hour. My knees were frightful to look upon, swollen to almost twice their natural size and as stiff as two sticks of wood. The only way I could

completely discouraged, when I heard of Var-ne-sis. Friends persuaded me to try the medicine, as it was being so many others. After taking Var-ne-sis I was able to go about on crutches and gradually recovered so that I discarded my cane. During my illness I fell away to almost nothing. Var-ne-sis not only cured my rheumatism, but it helped my stomach from the first and gradually I regained my former weight. I am well and strong today, thanks to Var-ne-sis."

Rev. Paul M. Cayer of 56 Willow Street, New Bedford, Mass., verifies the condition Mrs. Turenne was in, and watched her progress from helplessness to recovery with marked interest.

Var-ne-sis is the one preparation for chronic rheumatism of the joints; it tends to help the stomach and relieves the pain and stiffness. Send to W. A. Varney, Lynn, Mass., for the story of Var-ne-sis. It's free.



Mrs. Turenne on Crutches

ease the terrible pain was to place two pillows against the knees to keep them from rubbing together.

"I was propped up in bed, with pillows on both sides of my back because of the extreme tenderness of my spine. I could not stand even the pressure of the bed clothes on my back.

"My feet were quite useless, swollen terribly and every time I attempted to move the pain would make me sick. I also had sciatic rheumatism; the pain would start at my hips and run down my legs to my toes. It was thought a red hot iron was searing the flesh. It is impossible to describe what I have gone through and only one who suffers from chronic rheumatism can understand."

Treatment of various kinds failed to relieve me and I was com-

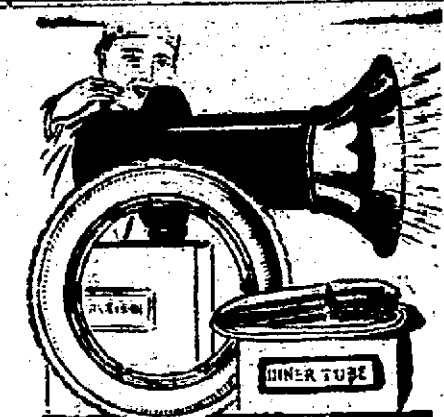
Mrs. Turenne as She is Today. If you are suffering from chronic rheumatism of the joints start taking Var-ne-sis—do it. NOW—every day's neglect is just one more day of needless suffering. Get Var-ne-sis now, today, at W. Smith, druggist, and all reliable druggists. Advertisement.

## In Your Choice of a Piano

YOU WILL DO WELL TO TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION ONE OF THE FOLLOWING WELL KNOWN MAKES  
Knabe, Voss & Sons, Shoninger, Sterling, Christman, Behr Bros., Regent, Riddle and Rudolf  
After handling all these makes for years we are glad to recommend them and back our recommendation with the "Manson Guarantee."  
LET US QUOTE YOU PRICES AND TERMS

### THE MUNSON MUSIC CO.

51 ARCADE—(Established 1851)—E. H. FRANK, Prop.



## THIS WEEK

30x3 Non Skid \$10.65

at . . . . .

30x3 1/2 Non Skid \$12.85

at . . . . .

Champion X Spark Plug 48c

Not over 4 to one customer.

Newark Auto Supply Co.

77 E. Main—Tracy and Bay

## Notice to Farmers

Make It Pay When You Come To Town

Why not? You have hundreds of pounds of old discarded tools and machinery that will bring you a nice little sum of money, and remember we pay the highest cash price for old rags, rubber, paper and metals of all kinds.

## Horwitz & Horwitz

CORNER CHURCH AND FRONT STREETS  
AUTO PHONE 2624. Next to Tucker's Rubber Works. BELL PHONE 66.



Beautiful Bust and Shoulders. Are possible if you will wear a scientifically constructed Ben Jole Brassiere. The clinging weight of an unconfined bust so stretches the supporting muscles that the contour of the figure is spoiled. But the bust back where it belongs, prevent the full bust from having the appearance of sagging. Ben Jole Brassieres eliminate the danger of straining muscles and confine the flesh of the shoulder giving a graceful line to the entire upper body. They are the simplest and most serviceable garments imaginable—come in all materials and styles: Cream, Black, Front, Surplice, Bandeau, etc. Boned with "Valcona," the richest boning—permanently washing without removal. Have your dealer show you Ben Jole Brassieres. If not stock, we will gladly send him, reward, courier to show you. BENJAMIN & JONES, 31 Warren Street, Newark, N. J.















**MASONIC TEMPLE**  
Corner Church and Fourth St.  
CALENDAR.  
Newark Lodge, No. 97, F. & A. M.  
Friday, August 24, F. C. degree.  
Friday, September 7, Regular.  
Acme Lodge, No. 554, F. & A. M.  
Thursday, August 23, 7 p. m. E.  
A. degree and Examinations.  
Warren Chapter, No. 6, R. A. M.  
Monday, Sept. 3, 7:30. Regular.  
St. Luke's Commandery, No. 84, R. T.  
Saturday, August 25, 7:30 p. m.  
Stated convocations.  
Columbia Council, No. 7, R. & S. M.  
Wednesday, September 5, 7:30 p. m.  
Regular.

**Loyal Order of Moose.**  
Licking Lodge, No. 499, will meet  
first and third Wednesdays at 7:30  
o'clock.

**Crystal Spring Water.** It is pure.  
All bottles cleaned daily. Phone for  
sample. Auto 3250. Bower & Bower.  
1-24-17

Try that 50c noonday lunch at the  
Sherwood. More for your money  
than elsewhere and real service. A  
la carte evenings, 5:30 to 7:45.  
7-16-17

**Crystal Spring Water is pure.**  
7-16-18mo

**Callender Cleans Clothes Clean.**  
1-5-17

**Removal.**  
Lucy M. Connel, Fire Insurance  
agent, No. 1 Lansing block, with  
I. M. Phillips, Real Estate Dealer.  
7-24-17

+++++  
NOTICE.  
We have steady employment  
for a number of good men.  
Preference given to those de-  
siring to learn the business.  
No losers wanted. Apply at  
once.  
THE LICKING CREAMERY CO.,  
Elmwood Court.  
7-24-17

+++++  
Standard Grade Grand, upright  
and player pianos. One price, cash  
or time. T. W. Leah, 61 Hudson  
avenue. Phone 4662. 7-28-dim

+++++  
KNIGHTS OF  
COLUMBUS  
OUTING  
McCabe's Farm  
Thursday Afternoon  
August 16th  
CORN ROAST  
Take 2:00 O'clock Car  
SUPPER AT  
SIX O'CLOCK

+++++  
SATISFACTION.  
It is much more satisfactory if  
you can see what you are buying.  
The Newark Monument Co. has  
numerous designs on display at  
its rooms, 138 E. Main street,  
Newark. Here you can see actual  
memorials and markers, besides you  
save the commissions on every one  
you buy here.  
Aug 4 6 8 10 11 12 13 15 16 25 28; Sept.  
2 10 12 27; Oct 4 9 15 23 27

**City Teachers' Examination.**  
A city teachers' examination will  
be held in the high school building,  
Saturday, August 25, 1917, com-  
mencing at 7:30 a. m. Wilson Haw-  
kins, clerk of board of examiners.  
8-2wed3t

**NOTICE**  
To Patrons of Buckeye Lake.  
The dining room at Mauger Hotel  
is open for all special parties with  
from one to two days' notice.  
COUTLER LUNCH CO. 8-9-4-d-1

Guard your health by purchasing  
drugs of quality at Smith's Drug  
Store. 15-d-11

A social will be given at the Stone  
church four miles southeast of Clay  
lick, Saturday evening, Aug. 18th.  
8-15-d-3\*

Buy flowers now. They are cheap-  
er now than at any time of the year.  
Chas. A. Duerr, The Arcade Florist.  
15-d-11

**Sweep Clean**  
With a Hoover electric sweeper. Easy  
to operate. The Avery & Loeb Elec-  
tric Co. will demonstrate. 15-d-11

**Lawn Fete.**  
Thursday, August 16th, at the  
home of Mrs. Mary Elbert, 215  
Hoytston ave., afternoon and even-  
ing. Ice cream and cake, 10c. 15-21

**Prayer Meeting.**  
Woodside prayer meeting will be  
held at the home of Mrs. Stormont,  
415 Eddy street, Thursday morning.

**Mrs. E. T. Johnson** has received  
word from the training school at Ft.  
Sheridan, Ill., that her nephew,  
John Paul Montgomery, has been  
made a captain of artillery. He is  
the son of John A. Montgomery of  
Dexter, Mo.

**Fire in Barn.**  
Fire companies from headquarters  
last night extinguished a fire in a  
barn in the rear of the Hilliard prop-  
erty in West Church street. The orig-  
in is not known. The loss was non-  
inal.

**Police Court.**  
One drunk was fined \$3 and two  
others drew fines of \$5 and costs this  
morning in police court.

**City Hospital Board Meeting.**  
The board of managers of the City  
Hospital will meet Thursday after-  
noon at 2:30 o'clock at the hospital.

**King's Daughters.**  
The Whatsoever circle of The  
King's Daughters will meet Thurs-  
day at 7:30 at the home of Mrs.  
Samuel Sachs on Wyoming street.

## GRANGE MEMBERS TO ORGANIZE FOR GREAT TUG OF WAR

Pomona Grange, parent organiza-  
tion of the 26 subordinate granges  
of Licking county, has accepted the  
challenge to enter a team in the  
tug-of-war which will be pulled off  
Wednesday, September 12, at the  
Licking County Fair. The tug-of-war  
will be between one team of 26  
grangers and a team of town-men.  
At the last meeting of Pomona  
Grange, a committee consisting of  
Homer C. Price, Newark township;  
Frank Weiss, Vanatta, and Edmond  
Burke, Utica, was appointed to re-  
present the grange and make the ar-  
rangements. They are sending out  
letters to the secretaries of the 26  
grangers, urging them to have one  
representative and two alternates  
appointed so that the grange team  
will be fully completed. These rep-  
resentatives and alternates will meet  
at the courthouse, Saturday, Septem-  
ber 8, at 1 p. m., to organize and  
make ready to defeat the town-tug-  
gers.

The tug-of-war is postponed from  
the former and merchants' picnic.  
Each member of the winning team  
will receive \$1. It will take place  
in front of the grandstand in the af-  
ternoon.

N. D. O. Wilson, the new county  
superintendent, will be in charge of  
the school exhibits and nearly every  
township will enter the competition  
in the various grades.

**TABER IS NAMED  
ON GRAIN BOARD  
TO FIX PRICES**

(Continued From Page 1)

Gal. president of the Farmers'  
Union.

Wm. M. Doak, Roanoke, Va., vice  
president of the Brotherhood of  
Railroad Trainmen.

Eugene E. Funk, Bloomington,  
Ill., president of the National Corn  
Association.

Edward F. Ladd, Fargo, N. D.,  
president of the North Dakota Ag-  
ricultural College.

R. Goodwyn Rhett, Charleston, S.  
C., president of the Chamber of  
Commerce of the United States.

T. W. Storrhill, York, Neb., sec-  
retary of the National Council of  
Farmers' Co-operative Association.

James W. Sullivan, Brooklyn, N.  
Y., of the American Federation of  
Labor.

L. J. Taber, Barnesville, O., master  
of the Ohio State Grange.

Milling interests named a commit-  
tee to co-operate with the food ad-  
ministration in negotiating voluntary  
regulation of the milling industry.  
The committee comprises the fol-  
lowing:

James F. Bell, Minneapolis, chair-  
man.

A. P. Hushard, Chicago, secretary.

Albert C. Loring, Minneapolis, rep-  
resenting the northwest.

Andrew J. Hunt, Arkansas City,  
Kas., representing the southwest.

E. M. Kelly, Nashville, Tenn., rep-  
resenting the southwest.

Mark N. Mennel, Toledo, rep-  
resenting the Ohio valley.

Theodore B. Wilcox, Portland,  
Ore., representing the Pacific coast.

Samuel Plant, St. Louis, represent-  
ing St. Louis and the state of Ill-  
inois.

Bernard A. Eckhart, Chicago, re-  
presenting the cities of Chicago and  
Milwaukee.

Frank W. Taussig, chairman of  
the tariff commission.

Theodore N. Vail, president of the  
American Telephone and Telegraph  
company.

Henry J. Waters, president of  
Kansas State Agricultural College.

Flour mills will be assured wheat  
at the price to be paid by the gov-  
ernment and the food administration  
is ready to purchase for the mills all  
the grain they use. The millers' com-  
mittee will co-operate with the food  
administration in a voluntary regu-  
lation of their industry.

Representatives of the wheat-  
buying industry came to Washington  
today for a conference with the food  
administration on the government's  
plan to license the operation of all  
elevators. Detailed regulations  
drawn by the food administration  
and approved by President Wilson  
governing the licensing will be an-  
nounced shortly.

Twelve men were named by the  
food administration to represent the  
grain division at the various termi-  
nals. They are:

Edward M. Flesch, at St. Louis.

M. H. Houser, Portland, Ore.

C. B. Fox, New Orleans.

H. B. Irwin, Philadelphia.

P. H. Ginder, Duluth.

Frank L. Cure, Minneapolis.

George S. Jackson, Baltimore.

H. B. Jackson, Chicago.

Charles Kennedy, Buffalo.

R. A. Lewis, San Francisco.

D. F. Piazek, Kansas City.

Charles T. Neal, Omaha.

The grain corporation will have a  
capital of \$50,000,000, and will be  
organized along the lines of the ship-  
ping board emergency fleet corpora-  
tion. It will be managed by the  
grain division of the food adminis-  
tration, which will have the same of-  
ficers as the corporation. All the  
stock will be held and owned by the  
United States government.

Any person desiring  
concessions at Mound-  
builders Park on Labor  
Day inquire W. A. Ar-  
cher at Besanceney  
Bros. furniture store or  
H. E. Watson in base-  
ment of courthouse.

1-12-18

## GOODBY Dedicated to the Soldiers Who Have Gone at Their Country's Call By S. S. LEWIS

Say, hear you the call of the bugle,  
And hear you the roll of the drum,  
And see our boys arm for the struggle,  
And notice they willingly come?  
How noble, how thoughtful their bearing:  
How calm is the glance of the eye  
As they to the field are repairing.  
Come all, now, and bid them goodbye.

From farm and from shop let us gather,  
From commerce and gain let us rest,  
All envy and rivalry another  
And bring forth the truest and best.  
Let us fling out the Star Spangled Banner,  
And in the breeze let it fly—  
Entrusting its fame and its honor  
To our boys and bid them goodbye.

We know you are gallant defenders  
Of every bright star in the folds  
Of that banner that never surrenders  
To wrongs that a tyrant upholds.  
And the cohorts of tyrants defying  
On the field you will conquer or die.  
'Neath the banner that o'er you is flying.  
We trust you, we bid you goodbye.

Though friends and your kindred you're  
leaving  
And all the endearments of peace,  
Fond hearts to you closely are cleaving  
With a love that never will cease.  
And while with the tyrant contending  
On their faith and devotion relying  
For with your love they are sending  
And weep as they bid you goodbye.

And though you may cross the wide ocean,  
On autocracy's tyrant advance,  
How grandly will swell your emotion  
To see the fair flag of France  
Entwined with the folds of Old Glory  
In union that never can die.  
We bid you a sweet Liberty's story,  
'Tis for her we bid you goodbye.

Where autocracy's bayonets bristle,  
Shells rain from humanity's foes,  
By your side is old Scotia's thistle,  
By your side is old Liberty's rose.  
The shanook of Erie there heeds  
The down-trodden Belgian's cry—  
You go to aid freedom now bleeding,  
And our prayers go with you. Goodbye.

**BIRDSEYE VIEW OF HELL,  
SAYS AVIATOR OF BATTLE**

Describes Scene as He Flew Over  
Flanders at Height of Fight-  
ing in New Offensives.

"A birdseye view of hell." This is  
how the Flanders battlefield looked to  
an American aviator who flew over it  
at the height of the great allied offen-  
sive. "I flew at an altitude of about  
200 feet," he wrote from "somewhere  
at the front."

"The land was pockmarked by yaw-  
ning craters and holes welling with wa-  
ter and wounded men struggled through  
the mud. Tanks wallowed through the  
swamp like monsters.

"The old enemy first and second lines  
could be traced with difficulty. Ger-  
man wire entanglements were buried.  
Down below I could see tiny figures of  
men—French and British infantry—  
frantically digging in, everywhere far  
in advance of their objectives.

"Stretcher bearers could be picked  
out, crawling back with bandaged  
wounded. A German Albatross (bi-  
plane) could be seen, half buried in  
muck. Farther back, scurrying from  
shell hole to shell hole, the gray of Ger-  
man infantry could be discerned. The  
enemy fought desperately, but ineffec-  
tively, yielding steadily.

"Hundreds of spans bridged the stag-  
nant trickle called the Yser canal and  
over these bridges scurried men and  
supplies. I could see artillery hurrying  
to advanced positions. Pack mules car-  
rying machine guns, more infantry and  
rains of munitions struggled forward.

"Over all this dark scene of carnage  
towered black skies, pouring an un-  
ceasing torrent of rain. The roar of  
guns was indescribable. Titanic ex-  
ploded punctuated the continuous fury  
of sound. The storm increased in fury  
with the intensity of the combat be-  
low."

**"DON'T WORRY," SAYS BISHOP.**

An Evil That Shortens Life, Dr. Wood-  
cock Assests.

"Be as the bird, which flies above the  
wind blown dust and is therefore not  
sullied." This is Bishop Charles E.  
Woodcock's advice to those who worry.  
In his sermon at the Cathedral of St.  
John the Divine, New York, the bishop,  
who is the head of a Kentucky dioc-  
ese, said:

"The people are getting very badly  
mired up. They are shortening their  
lives by ten years through senseless  
worry. Worry weakens the heart and  
hardens the arteries. People are car-  
ried away by the mistaken idea that  
one cannot live without worry. Men  
and women doing anything or God's  
earth should have no time to weaken  
their souls by senseless worry.

"Worry is an evil. It destroys more  
than ruin or vice. Worry wastes life.  
It is as sinful as drinking or gambling.  
It is a guilty and cowardly thing. It is  
always a personal weakness.

"The absolute cure for worry is to be  
as the bird, which flies above the wind  
blown dust and is therefore not sullied.  
So we must fly above the worries of the  
earth."

**Wanted to Be Water Boy.**

Youngest person on government reg-  
istration rolls is seven-year-old boy of  
Sharon, Pa., who wanted to "carry  
water for soldiers" and was registered  
as a joke.

**Was in a Bad Way.**

Girl batter at Co. 8's band couldn't  
pick out bugle blow. She left her  
clothes and had to send to Man-  
hattan home for a new outfit.

**Relieve that sun burn by using**

Universal Vanishing Cream. Get it at  
Smith's Drug Store. 15-d-11

## HYSTERIA CAUSED ILLNESS, NOT POISON; WIFE WAS DESERTED

Pearl street was rife with excite-  
ment Tuesday evening following an  
alleged complaint of a married man  
with a married woman, and what  
was at first supposed to be an at-  
tempt at suicide on the part of the  
deserted wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Faran and  
Mrs. Dean Davis reside in ad-  
joining houses and the two families  
have been the best of friends. Both  
have a child about three years old—  
Patsy Faran and Harold Davis.  
While neighbors suspected a warmer  
friendship between Faran and Mrs.  
Davis, the little quarrel seemed ob-  
vious and the friendship continued.

Monday, Faran, who had drawn  
money from the bank Saturday, told  
his wife he was going collecting for  
his employer, being employed at the  
Flanigan bakery, and would return  
in the evening. Mrs. Faran waited  
until midnight and he did not return  
and has not been seen since.

About 9:30 Monday morning, Mrs.  
Davis visited Mrs. Faran, asking per-  
mission to leave her little son, Patsy,  
who was suffering with whooping  
cough. She said she was leaving  
her husband forever as they had  
had trouble and wanted to leave the  
baby there until he called for him.

Both Mr. Davis and Mrs. Faran,  
who is but 18 years old, were heart-  
broken over the affair, and last  
evening hearing calls for help, Mrs.  
James Bradley, a neighbor, hastened  
to the Faran home where she found  
Mrs. Faran unconscious. Every ef-  
fort was made to rouse her, and the  
finding of a bottle containing a lin-  
iment in which carbolic acid was a

strong ingredient, caused them to fear  
she had attempted suicide. Dr. J.  
G. Shiner was called and found her  
to be suffering from nervous hys-  
teria and exhaustion. She had been  
using the liniment to bathe her head.  
The ambulance was called and she  
removed to the home of her  
mother, Mrs. Clay Tanner, Pataskala  
street, where she is resting more  
comfortably today. No clue to the  
missing couple has been found. Mr.  
Davis took his young son to his home  
in Caldwell, and will make an ef-  
fort to locate his wife in Zanesville.

**MACHINE SKIDS ON  
TARRED ROAD; MAN  
SERIOUSLY HURT**

When his Ford machine turned  
turtle on a country road near Patas-  
kala yesterday afternoon about 3  
o'clock, George D. Norris was thrown  
heavily on his right side fracturing  
his ribs. The road had been heavily  
tarred and Norris' car skidded and  
turned turtle and he was thrown un-  
der the machine. A farmer living  
nearby saw the accident and turned  
in a hurry call to Newark. The Baz-  
ler ambulance made a record run,  
took Norris to the Grant hospital  
Columbus. He was unconscious  
when taken to the hospital and is  
still in a serious condition.

**BOY SCOUT NOTICE.**

Troop No. 5 will go on an over-  
night hike Thursday, Aug. 16. Leave  
church at 5:00 p. m. Bring full  
equipment. Blankets and caps. Re-  
turn Friday morning. Shelter pro-  
vided. W. L. Rawlings, Scout Mas-  
ter.

23122 for Ads.

**Amusements**

**AUDITORIUM.**

What Money Can Buy.

The big feature for today and tomor-  
row on the regular program at the  
Auditorium is the Paramount picture  
"What Money Can Buy" with Jack  
Pickford and Louise Huff, supported  
by Theodore Roberts. The story is  
gripping, dealing with the adventures  
of a vigorous American father and son  
European principle. It is pic-  
tured from George Broadhurst's  
drama of the same. Dick Hale's  
father trying to get a concession to

the highest salary of any young kid in  
the business. Others in the cast are  
Bernard Delaney, the new Fox lead-  
ing man, Ethyle Cooke, Tom Brooks, Lucia  
Moore, Howard D. Southard, John  
Burkett and others.

**Melting Millions.**

George Walsh in "Melting Millions"  
comes to the Auditorium Friday, this  
being one of the good things of the  
Auditorium special bargain week. Mr.  
Walsh is so well known to picture  
fans that it's hardly use speaking of  
him, but in Melting Millions, he has  
wonderful opportunities to show his  
cleverness.

This feature together with Marjann  
Cooper in "The Innocent Sinner" makes

various episodes are laid in New York,  
Newport, sea, in California and Mex-  
ico. The film episode, seen today in  
conjunction with the big double  
program is full of action from start to  
finish. New and elaborate gowns are  
worn by Mrs. Castle.

**ALHAMBRA.**

Tonight and Tomorrow.

The attraction at the Alhambra to-  
night and tomorrow will be the latest  
World-Picture Brady-Made, "The Brand  
of Satan," in which Montagu Love is  
starred and in which a splendid cast  
is presented including such film fa-  
vorites as Gerda Holmes, Evelyn  
Greely and Albert Hart. The story  
told in this drama is of a man with a

double personality. He is originally of  
a noble, good-hearted character, but  
later develops a peculiar kink, which  
turns him at certain times—into a  
veritable brute. At such times he be-  
comes the leader of a gang of rascals.

**Friday and Saturday.**

Probably the most unusual photo-  
play of the season is the Metro-York  
production "The Haunted Pajamas,"  
with Harold Lockwood as star, which  
will be seen at the Alhambra theatre  
Friday and Saturday. Adapted from the  
well known novel by Francis Perry  
Miller, and directed by Fred J. Balsho-  
fer, this production portends of the na-  
ture of a farce, an extravaganza, and  
a powerful dramatic story. Nothing  
like it has been seen on the  
screen. Further attractiveness is add-  
ed by the clever work of the favorite  
star, Harold Lockwood, and of his  
charming leading woman, Carmel  
Meyers.

**GRAND.**

Pearl White.

"The Fatal Ring" has been acclaimed  
by those who have seen the first ep-  
isode as one of the best mediums ever  
offered Pearl White to show her ex-  
ceptional histrionic ability, and it gives  
her an opportunity to do more thrilling  
stunts than those which endeared her  
to motion picture fans. The serial is  
directed by George B. Seitz, one of the  
serial experts of the country, and the  
author of "The Iron Claw" and "The  
Shedding Shadow." See the first ep-  
isode, "The Fatal Ring," at the  
Grand next Sunday.

**DR. A. W. BEARD**

Dentist

Trust Building—Fifth Floor—Room 501

Telephone—Office 2664, Residence 3261

**Handsomest Man in the Movies**

HARRY HILLIARD DIRECTION WILLIAM FOX

At The Auditorium Thursday With June Caprice in "A Small Town Girl"

build a railroad through principally  
is opposed by Texier, an unscrupulous  
financier who has the king of the  
country in his control. The adventure-  
ous young man falls in love with the  
princess and his suit is favored, but he  
is caught and imprisoned by Texier's  
command. The princess then permits  
herself and her little brother to be  
captured by the American and through  
a clever man's affairs are finally  
straightened out.

A good cast is seen in the production,  
which is elaborately staged. In con-  
junction with this feature, William  
Farnum in "The Price of Silence" and  
Patria with Mrs. Vernon Castle is seen.

**A Small Town Girl.**

Tomorrow in connection with "What  
Money Can Buy," June Caprice in "A  
Small Town Girl" will be seen. June  
is a popular favorite in Newark and  
always can captivate her audience.  
No one can resist the charm of her  
play, and in this photoplay she plays  
a part that gives her the fullest  
opportunity to display her natu-  
ral richness.

June is a prominent member of  
Miss Caprice's company and is sure to  
give a good account of herself. Al-  
though but a little over four years of  
age, this youngster is said to draw

another one of those wonderful Aud-  
itorium programs and one all will want  
to see. Saturday William Farnum is  
seen in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Have you ever figured that marriage is  
a "fifty-fifty" proposition. Then see  
Norma Talmadge in "Fifty-Fifty" at  
the Auditorium Sunday. There is a  
little baby in this masterpiece  
that will make you say "Oh, You Cut  
Kid." A singer, a comedy and spe-  
cial orchestra music will also be heard.

**Pick's Bad Boy.**

The date for the appearance of  
"Pick's Bad Boy" is announced for  
Saturday, August 25th, with matinee  
and night performance. A company of  
20 is carried, mostly girls, and a most  
pleasing musical production of this  
favorite farce is promised.

**Patria.**

In Patria, with Mrs. Vernon Castle,  
the serial that is seen each Wednesday  
at the Auditorium, the cast includes  
besides the star, Milton Sills, who plays  
Captain Donald Parr, I. S. A. Warner  
offend, Dorothy Green, George Majors,  
Allan Murnan and supporting these ar-  
tists are more than 2500 supernaturals,  
including soldiers, sailors, aviators,  
dancers, workmen, strikers, Medi-  
cans and Japanese. The scenes of the

7-16-17

7-16-18

7-16-19

7-16-20

7-16-21

7-16-



THURSDAY WE CLOSE AT NOON

THE MORNING WILL BE BIG  
WITH THE SPECIAL AUGUST SALE  
ON ALL SUMMER LINES

The Special  
Sale of  
Summer  
Dresses At  
\$5.00

Includes all the White and  
Colored Summer Dresses up  
to \$10.00 and \$12.50. In  
this assortment will be  
found fine white dresses  
and many colored combina-  
tions that will make splendid  
dresses for social functions  
after the summer is over.

COME IN THURSDAY MORNING  
AND  
ASK TO SEE  
THE SUITS ON SPECIAL SALE  
AND  
THE SPECIAL WOOL COATS AT  
\$5.00 and \$6.50

*W. H. Mazy Company*



## MAY RECALL MEN EXEMPTED UNDER NEW INSTRUCTIONS

Drafted men who have been exempted on various grounds and have felt that they escaped military duty, stand a pretty good chance of being recalled for further investigation if the draft board complies with orders of Provost Marshal General Crowder. If the order to appear for re-examination does not come from the local board, it is not unlikely that the appellate board will send out such a call that none may escape duty without just cause.

Since the original draft regulations have been issued, additional rulings have been sent out by General Crowder. Some of these have been received by the local board.

For instance a bulletin "No. 3" from the executive office, Columbus provides for exemptions thus: Party claiming exemption because of dependents, "where parents or other relatives of wife or husband are able, ready and willing to provide reasonably adequate support there is no real dependency rendering discharge advisable." (2) where wife owns land which has produced income by husband's labor which could be rented, and so produce adequate support, no dependency exists; where salary of husband is continued wholly or in part by employers, insurers or others, no dependency exists.

These orders have been received by the local board and have been on file. Other orders also modify certain other clauses disqualifying eligibles for physical reasons. Concessions were made in weight, in teeth condition, in hearing and eye-

sight. These also have been received by the board.

The subject of exemptions granted has been the general topic of discussion for several days and this discussion yesterday brought to light the fact that the board that it was acting solely in accordance with instructions issued by the provost marshal general.

**HAPPIER.**

When life's shadows grow dim and the twilight of years settles upon us, the most comforting companion, the most dependable one to look to for cheer in our declining years is a few hundred dollars invested in Municipal bonds that are earning us a tidy income. We sometimes lose track of the fact that we cannot always work as we do now. Many an old couple could be happier and far more comfortable today if just a little more foresight had been used in their younger days. Provide for your declining years for investing in good Municipal bonds such as those sold by D. H. Pigg who represents the Security Municipal Bond Co., room 703, Trust building. 15-4-11

## TANLAC MADE JOE HAPPY AS A LARK

Master Medicine Made Rheumatism Quit Rogers' Arms and Now His Heart Jump With Joy.

Smiles are really playing "tag" on Joe Rogers' face these August days. Joe is the happiest man in Newark since Tanlac smote his rheumatism a terrific blow. "I haven't a pain anywhere now," says he. His home is at 97 Lincoln avenue. He gives the details of his experience with the Master Medicine as follows:

"I haven't a pain anywhere now. Before I used Tanlac I was so crippled up with rheumatism in my shoulders and arms I had to tug and twist to get my coat on. My muscles were sore as a bull and were so stiff they'd crack. My stomach wasn't doing any good, either, and I felt weak, nervous and worn out. I want to say that Tanlac relieved me of all that misery, and I'm mighty happy. It only took a few doses to give me relief. I finished the bottle and all the pain was gone, even the soreness and stiffness. My stomach began digesting my food, my appetite picked up and I began feeling strong. My muscles are the best in years and I'm sleeping some, too."

Tanlac, the new vegetable tonic, stomachic, combinator and invigorant, is being specially introduced at Erman's Arcade drug store, where the Tanlac man gives the particulars to steadily growing crowds daily. Tanlac may also be procured at the Evans pharmacy, Warden Hotel, bldg., east side square, Newark, and the Helron Drug Store, Newark, O. (Adv.)

**COME EARLY.**

School is only a few days away and you will soon begin to worry about the books you will require for the coming school term. There is no use of this worry and putting off to the last minute to get the books you will require. Don't you remember how in the past years you could secure just the books you would want by going a week or ten days before school opened to Edmiston's Book Store and how easy it was for you to get the right books, and how much more pleasant it was to buy early and avoid the rush. Come early and get your books now and be prepared to help you right now. Come in early. 15-4-11

Have all the fun you can but bring back with you pictures of the funny things you have seen. Get an Eastman Kodak at Haynes Bros. 15-4-11

## MATTHEWS WRITES AS BOOMING GUNS SHAKE THE EARTH

Harry Matthews, former Newark high school student, is in the front line trenches in France, and in a letter to his mother, Mrs. G. M. Karicote, 75 1-2 East Main, tells of the air battles, the booming of the big guns and the explosion of big shells. His companions in the baggage band have been assigned to duty digging trenches and it is his opinion that the band will not be maintained longer as an organization.



HARRY MATTHEWS  
Newark Boy with Canadians in France.

Matthews enlisted with a Canadian contingent and has been in France for several weeks. His letter was written July 22 "in France" and in part is as follows:

"I have been waiting a long time before I started this letter, but I guess I had better take another chance and write you again. This is my fourth letter to you since I've been over here on this side, but haven't had one letter from you yet. I guess you must have got one of my letters, for I had a letter from Bob Brown. I suppose he got my address through you. Guess it is all off with us as a Pipe Band now, for we are up at the front in France and the big shells are landing all around us and tearing things up about proper. We are at present constructing trenches. We are living in dugouts. Things are pretty unhandy, too, and the 'cats' are nothing extra, and are generally pretty scarce. I can look out of our dug out, and see the 'anti-aircraft' shells from our guns bursting around a German aeroplane. Paper and envelopes are scarce, so I'm using both sides.

"Guess I've written to about every one I knew in Newark—Wash, Fred, Grace and Alva, but haven't had one letter yet. How's everything and everybody back home. How's Pop and Betty and Bob (the dog)? How's the Country Club coming on. Don't forget to send the Advocate when you answer this. My address now is: Pte. H. Matthews, No. 104923, care 15th Batt. Canadian Contingent, E. E. P., France. We have to put the address in the body of our letters that way now instead of at the head or end of our letters—'red tape'."

Say! will you send me a packet of D—D—safety razor blades, as I can't get them up here at the line. Guess you can get them at any drug store. I know they keep them at the City Drug store.

Get a battery of our big guns in opened up on the Germans now. Every time they go off the ground shakes, and some noise, too."

Us chaps of the Pipe Band are all together yet, so we have a pretty fair time together in spite of everything.

Well, as this is all the paper I have, I'll have to break off. So don't worry about me, as I am all right, and write soon to your HARRY.

## Readers' Viewpoint

**Tribute to Trustee Holler.**

Editor Advocate:—During my association of three and a half years with the late William Holler in the affairs of Newark township I always found him careful, patient, diligent and conscientious to the highest degree. While always keeping an eye single to the public service, he was patient, considerate and courteous with all classes of the people, seeking only to deal justly and righteously in all cases.

In the largest and best sense he was always "good" to the poor and "unfortunate," not only showing a disposition to give them all necessary relief but to give them his sympathy and friendly counsel, and above all to give them his uniform respect, thereby showing himself a safe and sure model for all charity workers and all persons who have to deal with the subjects of weakness or misfortune.

For if there be anything, Mr. Editor, that the objects of charity need, it is not abrupt manners or severe lectures, but a vital interest in their welfare and proper respect for their common humanity.

And I claim that the same thing is true concerning wrongdoers. For are they not also creatures of the same flesh and blood as the rest of mankind. M. R. COTT, Clerk Newark Township.

Women are never satisfied. Even the grass widow may be green with envy.

## COSHOCOTON WOMAN IS DROWNED; BUGGY UPSET

Coshocoton, Aug. 15.—Mrs. M. H. Puffer, aged 55, was drowned in Mohican Creek, near here, late yesterday, when the buggy in which she was fording the stream was overturned by the current. Her husband, who was also in the buggy, escaped after making vain efforts to rescue his wife.

## LOCAL MERCHANTS WILL TOUR COUNTY TO ADVERTISE FAIR

Ten automobiles filled with business men will leave Chamber of Commerce headquarters at 8 o'clock Friday morning and tour Licking and surrounding counties to advertise the County Fair, Sept. 11-14.

Each car will carry illustrated placards, posters and other advertising novelties which will call the attention to the many new attractions provided by the fair board.

The proceeds from the country store of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank have provided a fund large enough to procure the best of advertising matter.

Merchants who have cars are urged to call up Chamber of Commerce headquarters, or George Herman, so that they may make the proper allotment of routes. It is the intention to placard every township in the county and the leading towns in surrounding counties.

## MEMBERSHIP COUNCIL TO DISCUSS PURE WATER

"Water Purification and more Sewerage" will be the subject of discussion at the meeting of the membership council of the Chamber of Commerce Thursday evening, at 7:45 o'clock. Wesley Montgomery, who was elected to serve out the unexpired term of T. C. Heisey, as director for the council, will assume his duties.

The Water Purification committee named by the council has had two meetings and Thursday night there will be presented suggestions how the city may best provide the finances with which to make the improvements proposed by Engineer Barbour of Boston.

## Rutledge Stays For 2nd Training Course



HAROLD E. RUTLEDGE.

Indianapolis, Aug. 15.—Harold E. Rutledge of Newark, and John K. Roney of Crooksville, were among Oklahans designated yesterday to attend the second officers' training camp at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, who also attended the first camp, but whose instruction will be continued during the second training course.

## FROM MR. ATHERTON.

To the Voters of Newark:

I have had compliments passed on myself and felt gratified; but to be complimented with victory by the ballot only the recipient can appreciate it. Gentlemen, I thank you, and if I could tell you how happy I am I know that you would be happy with me. I expected victory but was pleasantly surprised at the overwhelming majority. Now that the race has been narrowed down to myself and the Republican candidate, I shall buckle down and make a campaign that will insure me victory on November 6th.

GUS ATHERTON.

**AUTUMN BEAUTIES.**

How delightful it is to ride along the country roads and view the ripening grain and fruit and the many changing colors of the autumn. If you want to get the most enjoyment out of the wonderful changes that are about to take place, you should own an automobile. With a car that rides easy, is easy to operate and economical to maintain, you'll get the most enjoyment. Such is the Maxwell, a car that combines all these and many more qualities. Just let Roy J. Baird, 56 West Main street, demonstrate one of these cars to you. 15-4-11

## DISFIGURING GROWTH OF HAIR EXTENSIVELY REMOVED

If you are afflicted with a growth of superfluous hair, go to your druggist at once, get a stick of Phelacine, follow the simple instructions and have the hair removed. Phelacine is not to be compared with the usual depilatory. It is a delicate, non-irritating, and so harmless a child could safely eat it. So efficacious it is always sold under a money-back guarantee. Adv.

SEPTEMBER DESIGNERS HAVE ARRIVED—STORE CLOSING AT NOON THURSDAY



## Thursday Morning Remnants! Remnants! Remnants! Sweeping August Prices

HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF YARDS OF ALL KINDS OF REMNANTS will be on sale THURSDAY morning at prices that will make a clean sweep of every yard. Many very desirable lengths, among the many kinds of materials you will find—

REMNANTS OF GINGHAMS  
REMNANTS OF PERCALES  
REMNANTS OF OUTING FLANNELS  
REMNANTS OF WASH GOODS  
REMNANTS OF RIBBONS

REMNANTS OF CURTAIN MATERIALS  
REMNANTS OF LACES  
REMNANTS OF EMBROIDERIES  
REMNANTS OF WHITE GOODS  
REMNANTS OF MATTINGS

IN FACT REMNANTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION MARKED AT SWEEPING AUGUST CLEAN UP PRICES

THE STORE  
THAT SERVES  
YOU BEST

*Meyer & Lindorf*  
NEWARK, OHIO

EAST  
SIDE OF  
THE SQUARE

## HOPKINS MISSES TRAIN; AUDIENCE IS FORCED TO WAIT

August 7, 1917, 4 p. m.—Somewhere in Oklahoma.

Dear Folks at Home:

You will be surprised to hear of this trip, but "it is this way." When called to the colors, I canceled my chautauqua dates so far as possible. One county in southwestern Iowa threatened to cancel the entire week if I failed them. We have been trying to fix it ever since, but on Saturday I received the final summons, and am on my way.

If the weather in your text this afternoon is like this coach, I am sure you would say the trials are yours, to listen to any man speak in such heat is the limit of torture for me. And I have four days of it in store! Two days each way for the trip and all the way from Houston has been through drought and heat. Much of the corn, sugar cane, hay and all crops but cotton are burning up. Here and there a patch of green from a local rain, but everywhere the streams are dry or very low.

As I have sped through this blistering day, my chief thought has been that I am enjoying a rich privilege. While traveling in foreign lands, I have often had to confess that I had seen but little of my own country. And here am I—viewing the vastness of these prairies! For north-central Texas over the Santa Fe is the typical rolling prairie that one expects to see, and very different from the waste swamps and scrubland of northeast Texas on the line of the I. G. N. or the Katy.

Settlements are far apart and farmers are isolated, but this great country promises a rich reward to these hardy, brave pioneers. To a man from the wooded belt of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, a country is nothing without a good supply of timber, therefore Oklahoma is more attractive to me than is Texas, for here are many wooded streams. But I don't like the red soil and red water of the streams. Under this burning sun the ground looks like a mass of live coals. But for half an hour past we have passed through a belt that had a heavy rain last night. The soil takes on a richer, deeper color which contrasts strangely to the soft green of the cotton plants with their snowy, bursting bolls.

I have been disappointed in the cattle. Grazing is poor and the big herds have been driven back toward the hill country for fodder. Yet I saw one herd of typical horned steers this morning. They were larger and in good condition and such wicked horns! I haven't seen a de-horned specimen in Texas or here and in the North one rarely ever sees a pair of horns. Which is better?

But this is worse than a stupid lecture. We have just passed Guthrie. It looks like a good thrifty town. I am due at Kansas City at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning; take a Burlington train north; leave train at 10, and motor fifty miles to lecture at 2 p. m. And I shall have the best chautauqua smile on with a palm beach suit and will try to start off with my best story. You have had all three this afternoon, so you

can sympathize with my audience tomorrow, and with me.

Yours for 1918,  
WM. E. HOPKINS.

Pushville—Rushville, Missouri.  
1 P. M. Aug. 8, 1917.

Woe is me! I missed connections at Kansas City. In fact the railway official knew nothing about the connection which the agent in Houston, Texas, sold me. And so I have missed the 50-mile auto ride one way promised and the 25 miles on another route. Besides, I shall reach the town of Farragut (memorial of the illustrious dead), just three hours too late to preside over the expected audience that has been notified of my coming.

But this is only incidental to the cause of this writing. As I began, we were passing a junction with two side tracks and two stations. On one was "Pushville," and on the other "Rushville." Local information obtainable failed to reveal the source or cause of this rivalry or of the libel that had been stamped upon the surroundings. "Rushville" I could understand, for they do say that "Flyer" passes this place in the night without stopping! But "Pushville" requires too vivid an imagination to let loose in the Missouri valley in the day time.

I didn't intend to write again so soon, and have no news to tell you this morning only that it rained all night and got so cold that I had to cover up in the mythical Pullman blanket which you have heard Strickland Gilliam describe. When I awoke, I had a wad of it in my mouth so you may hear from me next time in some "T. B." Sanitarium, carefully guarded by a Public Health nurse, with nothing to do but spit in a sanitary cup and ride in a wheel chair. You will please have me transferred to Mt. Vernon where the Public Welfare Bureau of Licking County can visit me every day and

the Visiting Nurse Chapter of The King's Daughters can bring me fresh eggs and creamy milk from Ralph Davis' creamery.

We are just pulling out of St. Jo. The Missouri river here is mostly sand banks but at that I judge there is water enough to clean up several counties if it could get loose. I promise not to write again this week. But I would like to call on you! Very truly,  
WM. E. HOPKINS.

## POTATO CROP IS HUNDRED MILLION ABOVE AVERAGE

Washington, Aug. 15.—The largest potato crop ever produced in this country is the promise of the monthly crop report just issued. Leon M. Estabrook, Chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture, states this morning that the average production for the previous five years (1911-1915) was 363,000,000 bushels, which represents a fair crop. This year the indications are that there will be a crop of 467,000,000 bushels, which is 100,000,000 above the average.

This is equal to one bushel extra for every man, woman, and child in the country.

In order to avoid waste, officials of the Department of Agriculture suggest two days of taking care of this large increase.

First, all housewives are urged to use potatoes as far as possible as a substitute for breadstuffs.

Second, to preserve the potatoes for winter use by home storage. These measures, it is stated, will not only use the potatoes to advantage, but will save wheat.

## You appreciate an iced drink during the warm days of summer!

Why not let it be healthful as well as refreshing?

Try  
**Iced Postum**

Prepare Postum in the usual way; then cool with ice—adding sugar, and a little lemon or cream as preferred.

Makes a Dandy  
Nourishing Drink

